

Good Evening!

By BIDE DUDLEY

I see it in the cupboard yet,
With pans in bright array.
A memory that's ever new,
Though years have passed away,
So chipped and cracked from
blows amiss,
And yet remaining whole—
To do its duty ev'ry week—
The old wood chopping-bowl!
How well those old familiar
sounds
In memory I hear!
As grand as any notes that fall
Upon the youthful ear:
How sweet the scent that filled the
air,
Arising with the knife
To herald hash—that country
hash—
One joy of rural life.
How Rover used to sit and watch
For pieces of the meat
Too tough to yield to human
teeth—
Just right for dogs to eat.
And Tabby, how she'd purr about
Beneath the chopper's chair
And watch the work with eye
alert
To see she got her share!
To-day such homely sights as
those
Are very seldom seen.
The bowl and knife have given
way
Unto the meat machine.
But who can say the hash-to-day
Has ever reached the goal
Of that which mother used to chop
To music of the bowl?

OBSERVATIONS.

Some of those Yale boys can't
even pronounce Iowa, let alone beat
it at football.

A fire destroyed 4,000 ukuleles yester-
day in Honolulu. A great stroke
of luck for posterity!

Mrs. Ganna Walska says she
hates newspapermen. Quit that talk
Ganna, or you'll never get nowhere
with them pipes.

ICE CREAM ARTHUR'S LOVE.

(The most fascinating story of intrigue
since "Crash-Dashers that Pass in the
Night.")

"Wait!"
Bonehead Brewster stopped. A
girl's voice had halted him. His
automatic dropped from his
nervous grip.

"Wait!"
It was the same word—the
same voice. Bonehead's hat blew
off.

"Wait!"
It was too much for Bonehead.
He had waited twice.

"Don't be sayin' that."
These words were spoken by
him in a fit of temperment. Evidently
she had taken him for a
waiter.

Anna Crackerjack stopped
forward.

"You have sworn you loved
me," she said. "If you do, kindly
refrain from murdering that old,
crippled widow with three chil-
dren. Hang off the lady, will
you?"

It was all right for Anna to

POEMS OF PREFERENCE

Loveshope—that's his handle name,
but we have sworn to keep his other
a secret. Well, anyway, Loveshope
wants the sterilized ant-chaser,
offered as the prize in this contest, and
he also wants a wife! So, it has
come to pass he has written the fol-
lowing poem:

I am tired of boarding houses,
That is not the life I wish,
And I crave a dark-eyed maiden
Who can cook 'peppie-fish.
One who plays on the piano
Works of Schubert and Chopin.
If you know her, Mister Doodley,
Trot her out for I'm her MAN.

talk like that, but Bonehead
Brewster suspected her of loving
Arthur Wore, son of the ice
cream manufacturer and com-
monly known as Ice Cream
Arthur.

"You are very pretty but you
shall not balk my plan."
Thus replied Bonehead Brew-
ster. He picked up the auto-
matic.

Anna Crackerjack threw her-
self on him and bore him to the
ground.

"You shall never murder that
old widow with three children,"
she hissed.

The old lady took the three
children and went home.

She was rather thankful to
Anna.

(To Be Continued.)

THIS AND THAT.

Nearly all poets write free verse.
No one will pay them anything for
it.—John Keats.

Wrong again, Jack! One time,
when we were on the Kansas City
Star, a politician in Coffeyville, Kan.,
wrote us and asked for a rhyme
about one Mr. Dooley who was run-
ning for office down that way. The
idea was to make fun of Mr. Dooley,
using the metre of the old song. We
wrote the rhyme; it was printed on
the front page of a Coffeyville paper,
and Mr. Dooley was defeated in the
election. After a few months had
passed, the politician sent us \$5.

And recalling the incident gives us
an idea. If either Mr. Smith or Mr.
Miller would like our aid in defeat-
ing the other, let him get in touch
with us. A \$5 poem would carry a
whale of a punch, and the candidate
buying it could simply quit cam-
paigning and sit down and wait for
victory to claim him as its sweet
patootie. How about it, boys?

We overheard two ash removers
talking yesterday.
"Politics is a great game," said one.
We thought we had run across an
educated man in a lowly job, when
the other fellow said:
"You mean politics ARE a great
game, Bill!"
"Oh, sure I do!" said Bill. "Ex-
cuse my bad grammar."

AND NOW PERMIT US

To suggest that the statement
of Gov. Edwards of New Jersey
that he isn't a rum-hound may
cost him considerable political
strength.

About Plays and Players

"SPRINGTIME OF YOUTH."

A new musical comedy, will be
presented by the Messrs.
Shubert at the Broadhurst Theatre
on Thursday evening, Oct. 26. In the
cast will be George MacFarlane, Olga
Stock, Harry K. Morton, Zella Rus-
sell, J. Harold Murray, Harry Kelly,
Eleanor Griffith, Walter J. Preston,
Charles Brown, Marie Pettes, Grace
Hamilton, Harry McKee, Tom Will-
iams, Ben Marion, Myrtle Lawrence,
Larry Wood, J. King, Charles Pey-
ton, Venice Atherton, Jerome Hays,
Gertrude Hillman and others. The
score of the play is laid in Port-
smouth, N. H., in 1812.

POOH BAN LEAN.

Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield are
back in New York to arrange for the
production of a musical revue written
and composed by Mr. Lean. This in-
dependent venture will mark their
entry into the managerial field. Mr.
Lean will call the piece "Why Go to
Russia?" and he states positively it
will be an American "Chauve-Souris."

HAZZARD TO EAT.

Jack Hamard of "The Greenwich
Village Follies" has been trying to
lose weight, but he finds it impossible.
His loving friends won't let him. Next
week he will be seen at a beef stew

part Monday night; a Welsh rarebit

party Tuesday night; a chop suey
party Wednesday night; a spaghetti
party Thursday night; a gefiltefish
party Friday night; and a goulash
party Saturday night. Sunday after-
noon he's going to have some baked
beans at home.

GOSSIP.

Tyrone Power will tour South
America next spring.

Stuart Benson, author of "Find
Cynthia," has designed the scenery
for his play.

"Mary Get Your Hair Cut" will
open in Stamford Friday night. Max
Marin is the producer.

Gertie, who helps Johnny Dooley
at the Central, is forty years old and
very dirty.

W. Somerset Maugham has gone to
Siam to write another play like "East
of Suez" for A. H. Woods.

Gretchen Hood, vocalist, and Maria
Nova, dancer, have joined "A Fan-
tastic Fricassee" at the Greenwich
Village.

Channing Pollock will sail for Eng-
land Dec. 4 to see "The Fool" pro-
duced in London.

Yvonne George of the "Greenwich
Village Follies" will be the guest of
the Drama League Oct. 22 at the Be-
lasco Theatre.

The Messrs. Shubert want twenty
female impersonators for a starring

JOE'S CAR

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Copr. 1922 (N. Y. World) By Press Pub. Co.

Bitter Repentance!

THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Copr. 1922 (N. Y. Eve. World) By Press Pub. Co.

This Way Out!

LITTLE MARY MIXUP.

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

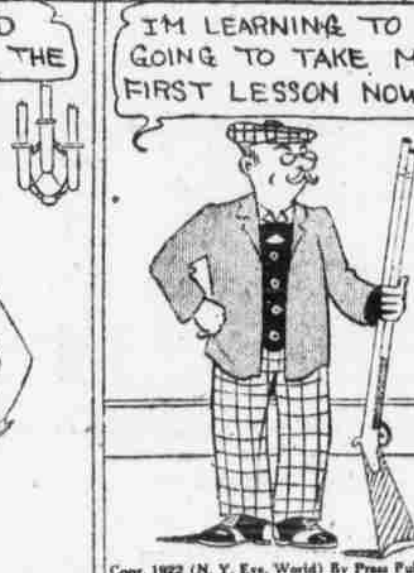


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Not All "Birds" Are "Homing Pigeons"!

FRITZI RITZ

But Why Not Let Him "Blow" His Own Brains Out!



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It Wasn't Hard to Please 'Em!

KATINKA



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SOME PEOPLE ARE SO DUMB

THEY THINK

YOU CAN'T

LOSE YOUR

JOB IN A

'FIREPROOF'

BUILDING

TODAY'S LUCKY

WINNER

SAS A. HODGSON

LBS 15.55

N.Y.C.

vehicle for Francis Renault, now at

the Winter Garden.

"The Faithful Heart" will move to

Maxine Elliott's Theatre Monday.

The William Fellowship Club has

engaged 250 seats for to-night's per-

formance of "Better Times" at the

Hippodrome.

The new "Music Box Revue" will

open Monday night, Oct. 23.

"Molly Darling," the Hartbach

musical comedy at the Liberty, is a

surprise of the season. It is turning

out away.

Walter J. Kingsley, beauty expert,

will attend the Greenwich Village

Hallowe'en Carnival and ball at Web-

ster Hall, Oct. 27.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The Manager of Markham's Daisies,

a theatrical troupe booked to appear

in Wellsville Friday night, announces

that bulletins from the Hall-Mills

case will be read from the stage.

FOOLISHMENT.

A youth who was only sixteen,

Once soaked his old aunt on the bean.

His father then licked him,

His grandfather kicked him,

And since then he hasn't been seen.

PUT IT IN THE ACT.

"If you were riding a mule what

fruit would you resemble?"

"What?"

"A beautiful pear."

—B. F.